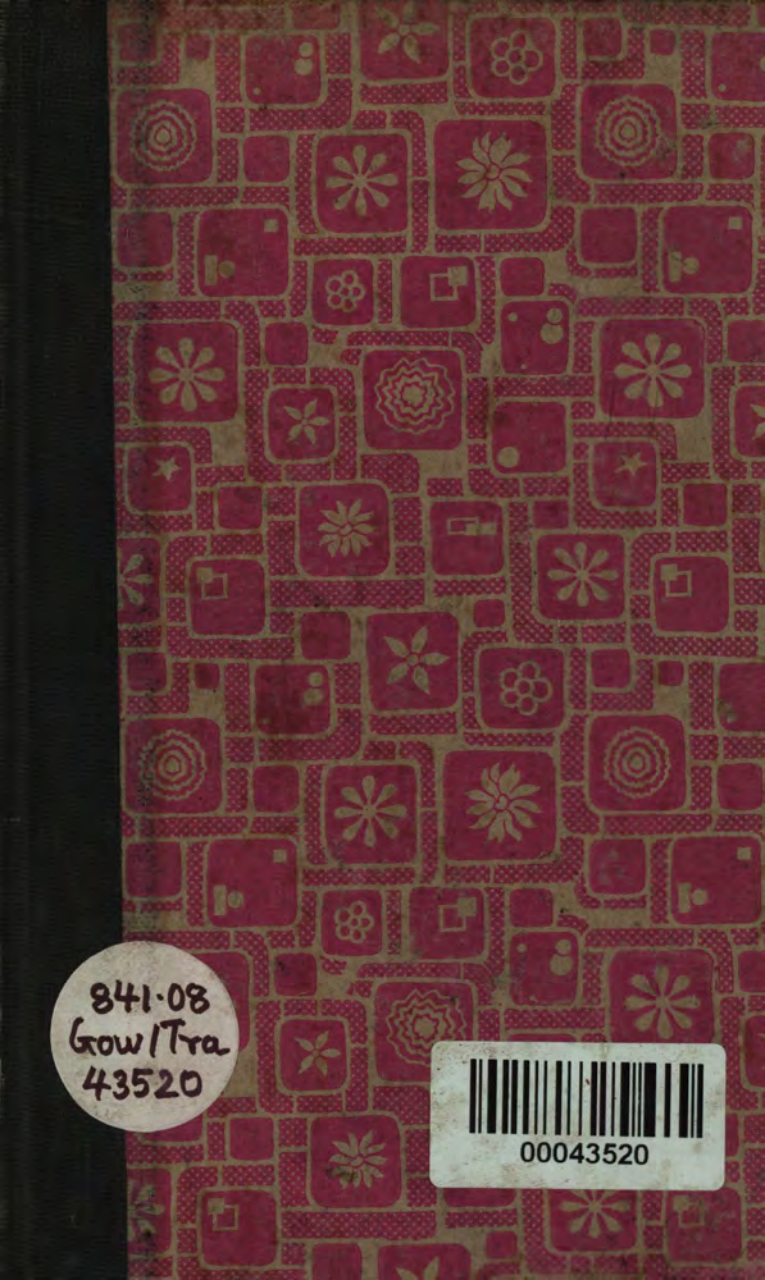
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TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THE GERMAN;

AND

ORIGINAL POEMS.

BY

LORD FRANCIS LEVESON GOWER.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

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PREFACE.

MOST of the Translations which I now venture to present to the public, were completed before I had undertaken the more difficult task of Faust. The knowledge of German is at present so much diffused in this country, and so many will hence be enabled to detect my deviations from the originals, that I feel it unnecessary to make any circumstantial remarks on such passages.

Some of the Original Poems are of even

older date. The poem on Waterloo, I fear, bears but too many marks of juvenile composition, and was in fact written, almost as it now appears, soon after that conflict. Three others my Oxford contemporaries will observe to have been written for the Newdigate prize. The length of time which has elapsed since the subjects of them were proposed will, I trust, be sufficient to save me from any imputation of desiring to renew a competition with more successful productions. I do not wish, under cover of these remarks, to bring forward the youth of the Author as an excuse or justification of the imperfections of his works; but the circumstances which I have mentioned may, perhaps, shelter me in some degree from the reproach of too hasty a zeal for publication. My wishes with regard to this volume will be fully gra-

tified, if the portion of merit it may contain shall be found sufficient by my readers to prevent them from reversing in my case the proverb—better late than never.

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TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THE GERMAN.

TO MINNA.

FROM SCHILLER.

WHENCE the dream that hovers o'er me?
Have my senses told me right?
Yes, 'twas Minna pass'd before me—
And the trait'ress shunn'd my sight.
Leaning on some witless minion,
Fluttering, fanning, light, and fast,
Glorying in her new dominion;
Yes, 'twas Minna's self that pass'd.

On her brow is nodding proudly
Many a plume,—the gift was mine;
Many a love-knot tells as loudly
Him for whom they learn'd to twine.
Mine the hand which rear'd the flowers
On thy bosom blooming yet:
Ere they fade how few the hours—
Still they bloom, and you forget!

Go! by flatterers vain surrounded—
Go! forget my love to prize;
Her, on whom my hopes were founded,
Changed and thankless, I despise.
Mine the heart no wish concealing—
Honest was its pulse and true:
It shall bear the bitter feeling,
That it ever beat for you.

In the wrecks of all thy beauty,
Lo, I see thee stand alone:
Flatterers, fools, have ceased their duty,
And thy May of life has flown.
Watch the swallow, as he hovers
Studious of the low'ring sky;
Such thy minions—such thy lovers:
False one! not like them was I.

Yes! I see them pointing, scowling,
Baskers in thy earlier morn;
Hear their fiendish laughter howling,
See their grinning looks of scorn.
How then, trait'ress, will I scorn thee!
Scorn thee, Minna! Heaven forefend!
No! the bitterest tears shall mourn thee—
Tears of a deserted friend.

THE IDEAL.

FROM SCHILLER.

Alas! that reasoning age must sever
Each bond that youth, confiding, wove;
That cruel time must chase for ever
The dreams of happiness and love!
Say, can no spell arrest the graces
Of life's young visions, fleeting by?
Or fix the billow's changing traces
That flows into eternity?

Set is the cheerful sun that greeted
  My opening path with joy and light,
Each ideal form is fleeted,
  That swam before my infant sight.
Past is the sweet belief that rested
  On baseless dreams that still betray;
Of which that power my soul detested,
  Reality, has made his prey.

As erst, with passions wild imploring,
  Pygmalion clasp'd the senseless stone,
Till life's strong current, fiercely pouring,
  Into its marble breast was thrown:
'Twas thus, with powerful youth's sensation,
  Round Nature's form my arms I threw,
Till life, and warmth, and respiration,
  From my poetic breast she drew.

And sharing then the living fire,
Forth into language wild she broke,
And gave the kiss of warm desire,
While pulse to answering pulses spoke.
Life blush'd for me in every flower,
And music swell'd in every stream—
E'en Death's cold forms defied his power,
And lived and breathed in fancy's dream.

Warm'd by that fancied form's caresses,
My soul, excursive, long'd to stray,
And pierce the deep, the last recesses
Where slumbering animation lay.
How bright the promised world extended!
How fair the bud before it blew!
How soon its brightest joys have ended!
Those little joys how cold and few!

Not such the scene, when boldly daring
In fond delusion's dream entranced,
No rein to check, no guidance bearing,
Launch'd on its course my youth advanced.
Far as the palest orb of Heaven
My wandering spirit knew to fly;
And where his onward course was driven,
Nought was too distant, wild, or high.

For light his airy car upbore him,
And free from toil his trackless way;
And gay the tribe that danced before him,
The phantom sons of light and day.
Love in the gay procession bounded;
Pleasure with gold-encircled hair;
High Glory's front with stars surrounded,
And Truth, that courts the sun, were there.

But oh! ere half their course was over,
Those gay companions deem'd it sped;
How quickly then each faithless rover,
Each in succession, turn'd and fled!
Then pleasure past, and wisdom faded,
And left unquench'd the thirst of youth;
And doubt with gathering mists o'ershaded
The sun of intellectual truth.

I saw the crown, that shone so brightly
On glory's brow, to others given;
I saw the spring-tide, fading lightly,
Forsake the wintery face of heaven:
And lonelier grew the wide expansion,
And stiller, stiller grew the road—
Hope, from her ever-distant mansion,
Her paly radiance scarcely show'd.

And who, of all the faithless minions,
Remain'd to cheer the wanderer's gloom,
Nor spreads e'en now, like them, his pinions,
True from the cradle to the tomb?
Friendship, 'twas thou! the best and fairest,
Whom never yet I sought in vain;
Thou who the varied burden sharest
Of added joy, or lighten'd pain:—

And thou, like him the storm who gildest
With many a sunny beam of joy—
Employment, thou who slowly buildest,
Yet labourest never to destroy.
'Tis she of Time's unmeasured towers
Who, brick by brick, the structure rears,
Yet, from the debt of endless hours,
Is striking minutes, days, and years.

THE FEAST OF VICTORY.

Low were Priam's haughty towers,
Troy in smouldering ashes lay,
And the victor Grecian's powers
Rested round Sigeum's bay.
Flush'd with spoil, and drunk with slaughter,
There they crowded all the strand
Ere they plough'd th' Ægean water
To their country's native land.
Raise the song, and join the chorus!
For our vessel's destined track
To the parent soil that bore us,
To our homes, shall waft us back.

And, in lengthen'd ranks lamenting,
Many a Trojan dame was there;
All in groans their misery venting,
Pale their cheeks, and loose their hair.
O'er the shouts of festal rapture
Rose their choral strain of woe,
Weeping for their country's capture,
And its glories fallen low.
Fare thee well, thou land so cherish'd!
Land from which we now are led,
Envious of our sons who perish'd:
Oh! how truly blest the dead!

To the mightier dominations
Calchas bids his altars smoke:
Pallas first, who raises nations,
And destroys, his prayers invoke;
Neptune, him who folds the ocean
Round our planet's girdled ball;

Jove, who sways the dreaded motion
Of his ægis over all.
Conflict ends, the fight is foughten,
And the cycle now is run;
Years, which fate refused to shorten,
All are past, and Troy is won.

Atreus' son, who led their legions,
Number'd o'er the ranks of those
Who with him had sought the regions
Where Scamander's current flows;
And the mists of sad reflection
Clouded o'er the monarch's brow:
For how few, by Fate's direction,
Traced their homeward journey now!
Raise the song, and join the chorus!
All who sleep not on the plain:
Hail we loud the land that bore us,
All who see that land again!

Not to all to Greece returning
Is the hymn of triumph due;
At your household altars burning,
Murder lights her torch for you:
Men may fall by friendship's treason,
Safe from conflict's rage retired;
Spoke Ulysses' voice of reason,
By the blue-eyed maid inspired:
Happy he whom faith and duty
Watch like guardians pure and true;
For the subtle smiles of beauty
Shun the old to seek the new.

Atreus' victor-son embraces
Now the prize he won in fight,
And around her slender graces
Twines his arms in fierce delight.
Short the life to evil given,
Vengeance marks the deed of crime;

Saturn's offspring high in heaven
Holds his judgment-seat sublime.
Evil is the sentence spoken,
Evil for an evil deed;
For the roof, whose laws were broken
Sure revenge has Jove decreed.

Him who basks in wealth and glory,
Cried Oileus' daring son,
It may suit to tell the story
Of the throne that Jove has won.
Choice or justice never directed
What the hand of fortune gives;
For Patroclus sleeps neglected,
And Thersites breathes and lives.
Since, without discrimination,
Either urn by Fate is shared,
Let him shout with exultation
Whom the gloomier lot has spared.

Still to die the best are fated:
Teucer yet shall speak the fame,
And, at Grecian feasts related,
Hear his brother's mighty name.
When the Argive ships were flaming,
Ajax then was there to save;
Craft the meed of valour claiming,
Left the warrior's prize—the grave.
Peace to him, the broken-hearted,
By no Trojan hand who died!
Peace to him who sleeps departed,
Which on earth his foes denied!

To his murder'd father's spirit
Pyrrhus pour'd the ruby wine—
Of the lots that men inherit,
Mighty father! give me thine.
Of the blessings laid before us,
Glory is the meed I crave.

When the hero's mound is o'er us,
Lives the memory of the brave.
Fire may burn or earth inhume us;
Bards shall yet preserve our name:
Though disease and death consume us,
Deathless, scatheless, lives our fame.

None the voice of sorrow raises
O'er the foe who bravely died;
I will utter Hector's praises,
Tydeus' generous offspring cried.
Foremost in the field we knew him,
In his country's cause he fell;
We forget the hand that slew him,
When the vanquish'd died so well.
For his household altars fighting,
Low at last he bit the ground;
In a worthy foe delighting,
We will keep his fame renown'd.

He who thrice the weary hours
Of the age of man had seen,
Raised the goblet crown'd with flowers,
Raised it to the captive queen.
Let the wine-cup's sweet effusion
Bid thy tears forget to flow;
Wond'rous is its fond delusion,
Balsam for the widow's woe.
While those drops of life and gladness
All the wretch's senses lave,
Sinks the load of human sadness
Deep engulf'd in Lethe's wave.

By the cruel god o'erpower'd,
Troy's sad prophetess arose,
And the distant smoke that lower'd
Seem'd the emblem of her woes;
Like the smoke that o'er yon heaven
Changes still its shadowy form,

Is the bliss to mortals given—
God alone defies the storm.
Ships, and steeds, and riders scorning,
Care pursues our swiftest way:
We may never see the morning—
Let us, therefore, live to-day.

THE VEILED STATUE AT SAIS.

A YOUTH, by wisdom's burning thirst impell'd,
His course o'er Egypt's sands to Sais held;
In furious haste o'er learning's steps he past,
And, many a labour vanquish'd, stopp'd at last:
His priestly teacher labour'd to restrain
The fiery boy, impatient of the rein.
" What is a part of wisdom?" cried the youth;
" Are there degrees of knowledge, shades of truth?
" Must I for labour spent, for wasted time,
" Receive a fraction of the gift sublime?
" Canst thou subtract one colour from the bow,
" Or change the octave's magic number? No!

" The grating discord shall thy theft betray,
" And heaven's insulted arch shall melt away."

The while he stood in converse, round him rose
The temple's mighty dome in still repose:
Veil'd to the feet, and of colossal size,
A giant statue met his wondering eyes.
" Tell me," he questions, " the mysterious tale,
" What likeness sleeps beneath yon shadowy veil?"
" Truth!" was the answer. " Do you then conceal
" The form your lessons promised to reveal?
" The very cause and cure of all the thirst I feel?"

" Then blame the god from whose tremendous shrine
" The mandate issued, that the hand divine
" Alone should lift it. If some daring wight
" Should venture—" " Well—that truth would meet his sight.
" Strange precept! Tell me, didst thou never dare
" To raise the veil, and lay the wonder bare?"

" No, in good sooth, nor ever felt desire."
" That is more strange. If such a light attire
" Were all that hid from me the heavenly shape"——
" Is a law nothing? This concealing crape,
" Light to thy hand, or yonder statue's head,
" Shall press thy conscience with a cope of lead."

Home went the youth, but, rankling in his breast,
The fatal secret robb'd him of his rest.
At midnight's hour he ceased to toss and roll
His feverish limbs, and hastening to the goal
With trembling step, by powerful impulse led,
Straight to the temple's gloomy pile he sped;
With active grasp he climb'd the inmost ring,
And reach'd the dark rotunda with a spring.

Silent he rested, for his heart with dread
Beat to the echo of his lonely tread.
Through the high dome the moonlight silver'd o'er
The spectral whiteness of the marble floor:

And like some present god the form appear'd,
Veil'd as before, in awful state uprear'd.

E'en as in act to draw the veil he stood,
Twice his protecting genius chill'd his blood.
Fever and ague coursed by turns his veins,
And bound his threatening arm in viewless chains.
A voice of warning thunder'd on his ear—
" Doom'd to eternal woe, what dost thou here?
" Hast thou forgot the spirit of my shrine,
" Which gave the mandate other hand but mine
" Should still refrain?" " That spirit further told,
" That truth would recompense the adventurer bold.
" Be what the phantom may, what will betide,
" I will behold!" the wretch in frenzy cried—
In mockery's tone, " Behold!" the echoing vault replied.

He lifts the veil. Would you with question vain
Pierce the dark secrets of the statue's reign?

I cannot tell them. With returning day
The temple's servants found him as he lay
By Isis' statue senseless: where he fell,
They mark'd him stretch'd. 'Twas all they had to tell;
For never would the youth narrate or draw
One tale, one sketch, of all he heard or saw.
His peace had vanish'd, never to return,
His ashes slept in an untimely urn.
" Woe to that man," his warning voice replied
To all who question'd, or in silence sigh'd—
" Woe to that man who ventures truth to win,
" And seeks his object by the path of sin!'

EPITHALAMIUM.

BY SCHILLER.

Joy to him who twines to-day
Bands of holy power;
Doubts and cares have pass'd away—
This is rapture's hour.
Strife of years, malicious foes,
Nought could make thee falter;
Joys, that none could now oppose,
Wait thee at the altar.

Nought in which the narrowness
Of the heart rejoices;
Nought that longing fools may bless,
Winning vulgar voices—
Wealth 'twas not, nor lineal pride,
Nor profane desire:
Better, fairer, was thy guide—
Love's immortal fire!

Folly's praise, or Flattery's strains,
Ne'er with thee succeeded;
And the clank of Custom's chains
Struck thine ear unheeded.
Praise may be Ambition's aim,
Gold with gold be sated—
Love its own return must claim,
Souls with souls be mated.

Yes! 'twas yours the charms to prize
Nature's self had taught her,
And with reckless eye despise
Fashion's fickle daughter.
Tinsel gold, and broider'd dress,
Win the fop's affection,
But you sought for happiness
Not by his direction.

Maidens' breasts are often found
Caskets made to vex us;
Gems and gold we linger round,
And the pearls perplex us.
Through the ninety-nine we run—
Fate will still be cruel;
Only in the hundredth one
Lies the promised jewel.

Hearts like yours contemn the bride
Conquest still affecting,
Weaving toils for all beside,
You alone rejecting.
Vainer when her form she shrouds
In its silks and gauzes,
Happier in approving crowds
Than in your applauses.

Hearts like yours the dolls contemn,
On their wires gliding;
But the wit is worse than them,
Others still deriding.
All who in romances read
Turn the forced expression;
All who purely from the head,
Bring the cold confession.

No! the bride alone is thine,
She, whose love unending,
Clings with generous nature's twine,
Still from you depending.
Who, intent on you, is blind
To another's graces,
And her heaven has learnt to find
But in your embraces.

She who with responsive tears
In your griefs can enter,
Sharing hopes, and soothing fears,
Trembling when you venture.
She whose sympathetic voice,
True to yours is trembling—
To the Minna of your choice,
In a word, resembling.

He who clasps her in his arms
All the world possesses;
And the cure of all its harms
Finds in her caresses.
From the store of bliss that lives
In her angel glances,
Back with usury she gives
All thy soul advances.

When employment's busy coil
On thy soul is preying;
And the leaden weight of toil
On thy brow is weighing;
Friends untrue forsake thy side,
Foes are doubly bitter;
And o'er black misfortune's tide,
Lightnings flash and glitter.

When thy genius 'mid the strife
On his post is weary,
And the wint'ry waste of life
Spreads around thee dreary;
Sorrows from her glance shall meet,
Pain and woe beguiling;
And despair shall then retreat,
Blasted by her smiling.

Yours the union twined above,
Time shall fail to sever;
In the offspring of your love
It shall bloom for ever.
When your passion's warmer reign
Fleeting time effaces,
You shall hail its rise again
In their youthful graces.

Prospect teeming with delight!
With a prophet's glances
Into future years my sight
Rapturous advances.
Like their mother, good as fair,
Lovely forms are nigh her;
And in manly virtue there
Sons bespeak the sire.

Lovely as the flowers that grow
Nursed by man's protection,
They shall flourish, bud, and blow,
Warm'd by your affection.
Joy shall e'en from anxious hours
Spring, when thou art near them,
As we highest prize the flowers
Cost us pain to rear them.

Breathing life must fail at last,
Senses lose their power;
When thy pilgrimage is past
Comes the destined hour.
Round a parent's bed of calm,
Sad the circle closes;
Children's tears thy name embalm
When thy dust reposes.

Glory fades, and pleasure cloys:
All that most delighted,
All the world's uncertain joys,
At their birth are blighted.
Wisdom checks our youthful flame,
With our will contending:
But from love alone there came
Pleasures never ending.

Name not him for honour's theme,
Him who past and vanish'd,
From whose uninspired dream
Genial love was banish'd.
Him who ne'er his being gave
To the warmth of passion;
Say what future worlds the slave
To himself can fashion?

Be he wise or be he brave,
Still by all rejected;
To his unrecorded grave
He shall slink neglected.
But thy faith was proved and tried,
Heaven its grace accords thee;
Ask the angel at thy side
How that heaven rewards thee.

Pure as is the holy light
Of thy love's reflection,
Unextinguishably bright
As thy firm affection,
Is the joy you own to-day.
Such you still shall cherish,
When the sun shall pass away,
And the world shall perish!

HONOUR TO WOMAN.

Honour to Woman! to her it is given
To wreathe the dull earth with the roses of heaven,
The heart in the bonds of affection to twine,
And, with chastity's veil, round the form of the graces,
To raise and revive, in her holy embraces,
The feelings her virtues exalt and refine.

Reason's voice, and Truth's directions,
Haughty man delights to brave;

And the spirit's own reflections
Drive it forth on passion's wave.
Furthest distance still exploring,
Nearer forms content to lose;
O'er the bounds of æther soaring,
Man his shadowy bliss pursues.
But with the charm of her magical glances,
Back to the joy which her presence enhances,
Woman can lure him to wander again.
For she clings to the earth, where her fortune has placed her,
And, content with the charms with which Nature has graced her,
With a daughter's obedience submits to her chain.

Roused to each insane endeavour,
Man collects his hostile might;

On through life he speeds for ever,
Rests not, stops not, day or night.
What he joins, he tears asunder—
Wishes rise as wishes pall,
Like the hydra's heads of wonder,
Sprouting faster than they fall.
But woman, content with less arrogant powers,
From each hour of existence can gather the flowers,
And snatch them from Time as he hastens along.
More blest and more free in her limits remaining
Than man in the wide realms of wisdom's attaining,
Or in poetry's boundless dominions of song.

To his own enjoyment bending
Every wish that warms his breast;
With the bosom's mutual blending,
Say, can selfish man be blest?

Can he e'er exchange a feeling,
Can he melt in tears away,
When eternal strife is steeling
Every spring of passion's play?
But like the harp when the zephyr is sighing,
To the breath of that zephyr in music replying,
Woman can tremble with feelings as true.
From the breezes of life each emotion she borrows,
While her bosom swells high with its raptures or sorrows
And her glances express them through sympathy's dew.

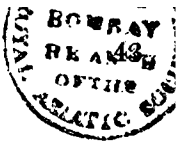
Mailed strength, and 'arm'd defiance—
These are rights which men allege:
Scythia's sword is her reliance—
Persia bows beneath its edge.
Man, where'er desire is strongest,
Wields the blade or draws the bow;

' He that loudest shouts, longest,
Wins what peace could ne'er bestow.
But woman can govern each tide and occasion,
With the eloquent voice of her gentle persuasion,
And extinguish Hate's torch, which was lighted in hell;
And the powers of strife, which seem'd parted for ever,
Are bound in an union which time cannot sever,
By the spirits who bow to her magical spell.

THE GODS OF GREECE.

FROM SCHILLER.

Ah! how lightly pass'd the joyous hours,
Led by pleasure's rosy band along,
When ye reign'd with unsubverted powers,
Lovely beings of Greece's fabling song.
Ah! when yet your worshipp'd thrones were shining,
All was lovelier, all was brighter far
When each hand thy altar yet was twining,
Venus Amathusia.



When the poet's veil was yet concealing
In its classic folds the form of truth,
Ere that age had deaden'd many a feeling
Which was buoyant in creation's youth;
Nature gave to man when love caress'd him
Prouder joy from beauty's warm embrace;
In the eye that gleam'd, the arms that press'd him,
Man could find a godhead's later trace.

Where, as sages tell, their sires, deriding,
Yon huge ball revolves with soulless ray,
Helios then his golden car was guiding
On the orb'd zodiac's peopled way.
Oreads haunted yonder misty mountain,
Withering with her tree the Dryad died,
And the Naiad of each mossy fountain
Play'd and sported in its silver tide.

Yonder bay protection once afforded;
In yon stone Latona's rival slept;
Syrinx on those reeds his woes recorded;
In that grove sad Philomela wept:
Yonder brook a mother's tears augmented,
When for Proserpine she pour'd the strain;
For the beauteous friend her cries lamented,
From yon hill Cythera called in vain.

To Deucalion's favour'd race descending,
Down to earth their way the immortals took,
And to Pyrrha's lovely daughter bending,
Great Hyperion bore the shepherd's crook.
Higher rose the worth of every treasure
Which its great Creator shared with man;
Nations joy'd to quaff the stream of pleasure
Nearer to the source from whence it ran.

Pure and never-dying was the fire
Which in Pindar's song of triumph shone,
Stream'd unquench'd on Arion's lyre;
And where Phidias carved the living stone,
Brighter forms of beauty told the story
Whence that beauty drew its wondrous birth—
Gods, who left their thrones of heavenly glory,
Found their own Olympus here on earth.

Worthier then awhile to be their mansion,
Was the earth in nature's earlier hour;
And where Iris spread her bow's expansion,
Brighter gleam'd the dew-drop on the flower.
Prouder then, by reddening clouds surrounded,
In Himera's veil the morning broke;
With a sweeter spell the flute resounded,
When the shepherd god its music woke.

Beauty's youthful grace was lovelier, dearer,
When the cheek of Ganymede was fair;
Valour's godlike radiance blazed the clearer,
Shielded by Medusa's serpent hair.
Love, by Hymen's torch more gladly guided,
Wove for subject hearts a holier band;
E'en the sad thread of existence glided
Smoothlier through the toiling sisters' hand.

Shouts of worshippers the thyrsus swinging,
And the harness'd panther's dread array,
Hail'd the mighty one, fresh raptures bringing,
Fauns and satyrs bounded on his way;—
And the wild Bacchantæ sprung before him
Praising in their dance the ruby wine;
And the cup his ready votaries bore him
Foam'd and mantled with the drink divine.

Yours were palaces for gods to dwell in,
From your haunted mountains gleaming far,
Rival heroes for your praise excelling,
Whirl'd the disc, or urged the thundering car.
Dances winding to the measured numbers,
Circled round each worshipp'd altar's base,
And the votive garland deck'd your slumbers,
Blooming yet with conquest's recent grace.

Dark severity, and rigid sadness,
To your sacred rites were never due;
Breasts that swell'd with unforbidden gladness,
Drew the breath of all their joy from you:
Nought that nature, or that love refuses,
Nought that joy rejects, by you was blest:
All you claim'd was sanction'd by the Muses,
And unvarying beauty's plain behest.

Each his earliest and his best bestowing,
Gave the firstling lamb, or ripen'd ear;
And the tide of generous plenty flowing,
At the holy rite each guest could cheer.
Darker through the scenes of mortal trial,
Now the path of sad devotion leads,
And the harder work of self-denial
To profusion's easier task succeeds.

No fierce phantom, in his shroud attired,
Call'd us to another world from this;
One sad genius, as his torch expired,
Drank the parting spirit in a kiss.
Lighter forms of sunny splendour gleaming,
Still in bright succession floated by,
And the veil of sweet illusion streaming,
Dimm'd the glance of stern necessity.

No barbarian, deaf to man's complaining,
Judged his brother by his murderous lore,
And by heaven's perverted faiths ordaining,
Marr'd the kindred form a woman bore.
One to mortals bound in near alliance,
E'en the judgment-seat of Orcus held,
And a mortal prayer to mute compliance,
E'en the Furies' hissing snakes compell'd.

In Elysium's shades the soul delighted,
Found each joy to old existence dear;
There were groves for lovers reunited,
And his circus for the Charioteer.
Here Alcestis' love Admetus blesses,
Orpheus wakes his unforgotten strain;
Agamemnon's son his friend caresses,
Philoctetes draws his bow again.

But for me without redemption perish'd,
All I love on earth is past away;
Every feeling, every joy I cherish'd,
Now are Time's, the sad destroyer's prey.
Strange delights my soul revolts to share in,
Coldly summon me with heartless tone;
And for bliss a present value bearing,
Joys they proffer alien and unknown.

Lovely world! where art thou?—fair creation!
Golden years of nature! turn again:
Ah! in songs that mourn its desolation,
Only may we trace its ancient reign.
They have left each grove and pillar'd mansion,
All the race of gods and godlike men;
There remains, through all the world's expansion,
But the ghost of what we worshipp'd then.

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED KNIGHT.

GOETHE.

Ah! well I know the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair,
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her floating hair.
And in these dreary walls I pine,
Or I would make the treasure mine.
But be it squire, or be it knight,
Who brings it here to me,
Behold this jewel, blazing bright,
His guerdon it shall be.

THE ROSE.

Beneath thy grated window's seat,
Beneath thy castle wall,
I bloom amid my kindred sweet,
The sweetest of them all.
And surely then, Sir Knight, 'tis I
For whom thy wishes long,
For whom they draw the weary sigh,
For whom they wake the song.

KNIGHT.

To thee, when vernal zephyrs blow,
The sweetest breath was given,
The brightest hue that decks the bow
That spans the arch of heaven.
Thy tints may bloom on beauty's brow
As radiant as her own;
But, lovely rose, it is not thou
For whom I make my moan.

THE LILY.

Her haughty glance the rose may cast
O'er all the subject plain;
The lily's humbler charms surpass'd
The pomp of Judah's reign.
Each heart where virtuous passions rise
And chaste emotions lie,
May learn, Sir Knight, like you, to prize
The flower of purity.

KNIGHT.

This heart is pure, this hand is clear,
I boast them free from stain;
Yet while one beats in prison here,
The other's might is vain.
And, lovely flower, the image thou
Of virgin beauty's form—
But, ah! thy drooping petals bow
Before December's storm.

THE CARNATION.

The warder of this haughty tower
Has rear'd me into day;
And well the proud carnation's flower
The cares of man repay.
In Flora's thousand glories drest,
My varied petals bloom,
And well the loaded gales attest
Their burdens of perfume.

KNIGHT.

Yes, foster'd by the care of man,
In sunshine or in shade,
The peasant rears thee as he can,
Or views thee droop and fade.
A flower which fears not winter's harms,
The ills that wait on you,
Of lowly and of native charms,
My wishes still pursue.

VIOLET.

From the far covert of the grove
All humble I implore;
If such, Sir Knight, the flower you love,
Thy weary search is o'er.
No peasant's hand may e'er invade,
To culture or to kill,
The shelter of the wild wood's shade
That skirts the distant hill.

KNIGHT.

Thy modest beauties well I prize,
Retiring from the view,
Pure as the light of beauty's eyes,
And of their azure hue.
Not on the mountain's shelving side,
Nor in the cultured ground,
Nor in the garden's painted pride,
The flower I seek is found.

Where time on Sorrow's page of gloom
Has fixed its envious blot,
Or swept the record from the tomb,
It says Forget-me-not.
And this is still the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair;
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her floating hair.

WAR SONG

OF THE

NEW ZEALANDER.

BURGER.

Up, comrades! awake with this lusty halloo!
There is mischief to hunt, there is murder to do!
Let us weave the war dance, like the billows which roar
O'er the reef which forbids them to flow on the shore!

Together! together! together we speed!
Each limb that can move, and each vein that can bleed!
Our lances and war clubs we point to the sky,
Like the rushes which wave when the tempest is high.

Like the tooth of the seal they are whetted and fit,
To bruise and to mangle, to thrust and to split!
Strike! pierce! let your points and your edges be known,
Through skull, and through clavicle, marrow and bone.

We ask ye for carnage, which you must afford;
We have promised ye victims, and break not our word.
What heed we the storm though its thunders may roll?
We have promised, are coming, and spare not a soul.

Our women and children we leave them the toil,
The brushwood to pile and the caldron to boil;
The faggots they light, and they kindle the flame,
And from fathers and husbands the victim they claim.

We seek not for food from the forest or flood,
Yet are hungry for flesh, and are thirsting for blood;
And the blood we will quaff, and the flesh we will tear,
Till the shinbones shall jingle, gnaw'd, whiten'd, and bare.

Then, forward, companions! awake and away!
Let the savour of food be the guide to your prey!
Your caldrons they boil, and your ovens they glow—
Then, comrades, away! like the shaft from the bow!

THE GRAVE.

BY SALIS.

THE grave all still and darkling lies
Beneath its hallow'd ground,
And dark the mists to human eyes
That float its precincts round.

No music of the grove invades
That dark and dreary way;
And fast the votive flow'ret fades
Upon its heaving clay.

And vain the tear in beauty's eye—
The orphan's groan is vain:
No sound of clamorous agony
Shall pierce its gloomy reign.

Yet that oblivion of the tomb
Shall suffering man desire,
And through that shadowy gate of gloom
The weary wretch retire.

The bark by ceaseless storms oppress'd
Runs madly to the shore;
And thus the grief-worn heart shall rest
There where it beats no more.

WAR SONG.

THEODORE KÖRNER.

THE storm and the war-cry are waking round—
Where is the coward who flies the sound?
Fie on the rascal who trembles and pants
'Mid his female cousins and maiden aunts.

For thee no maid of German line
Through all the land from Elbe to Rhine
Shall raise the song, or pour the wine—
They could not cheer that soul of thine.

When we lie on the watch 'mid storm and cloud,
While the breath of the tempest is piping loud,
Can you upon pillows and cushions snore,
And stretch your limbs till your dreams are o'er?

For thee, &c.

When to us the trumpet tone breaks loud
Like the midnight voice of the thunder cloud,
Can you in the theatre's ranks rejoice
In the dancer's step and the eunuch's voice?

For thee, &c.

When the midday sunbeam is hotly keen,
And no drop is left in the void canteen,
Can you bid the sparkling bubbles dance
On the cup of your foemen, the wine of France?

For thee, &c.

When the soldier is bidding his fond good night
To those whom he loves on the eve of the fight,
Can you slink through alleys with gold to buy
The hollow smile of a wanton's eye?

For thee, &c.

When bullets whistle, and lances clash,
And death is rife on the howitzer's flash;
Can you sit to mark with your cards and pins
Round the midnight table the colour that wins?

For thee, &c.

And should that shot be my funeral knell,
Thou death of the soldier, I greet thee well!
To his silken couch let the coward creep,
While the spirit shrinks from the body's sleep!

He has lived a coward, and dies the same—
No German maiden shall weep his name—
No song of his country shall speak his fame;
But the cup shall be empty to tell his shame,
Who fled from his post when the foemen came.

WAR SONG,

WRITTEN BEFORE THE BATTLE OF DANNEBERG.

KORNER.

Fraught with battles to be won,
Dawning breaks the eventful day;
And the red and misty sun
Lights us on our gory way.
In a few approaching hours
Europe's doubtful fortunes lie,
While upon her banded powers
Thundering falls the iron die.

Brothers and comrades, on you it is falling—
On you the proud voice of your country is calling,
While the lot of the balance is trembling on high!

In the night we leave behind us,
Lies the shame and lies the yoke—
Chains of him who once could bind us,
Him who spoil'd the German oak.
E'en our native speech was slighted;
Ruin smote our holy fanes:
Now revenge's oath is plighted,
The redeeming task remains.
For honour and vengeance then join we our hands,
That the curses of Heaven may pass from our lands,
And the foe be expell'd from our native domains.

Hope and better days before us,
To a happier lot invite;

All the heavens expanding o'er us,
Freedom greets our longing sight.
German arms again caress us,
German muses wake the strain;
All that 's great again shall bless us,
All that's fair shall bloom again.
But a game must be play'd of destruction and strife:
There is freedom to win, but the venture is life!
And thousands must die ere that freedom shall reign.

Now, by heaven! we will not falter,
But united firm to stand,
Lay our hearts upon the altar
Offer'd to our native land.
Yes, my country, take the spirit
Which I proudly give to thee;
Let my progeny inherit
What his father's blood could free.

'And the oaks of my country their branches shall wave,
Whose roots are entwined in the patriot's grave—
The grave which the foeman has destined for me.

Bend your looks of parting sorrow
On the friends you leave to-day;
On the widows of to-morrow
Look your last, and turn away.
Should the silent tear be starting,
Those are drops to be forgiven;
Give your last fond kiss of parting,
Give them to the care of heaven.
Thou god of the orphan, oh! grant thy protection
To the lips which are pouring the prayer of affection,
And comfort the bosoms which sorrow has riven!

Freshly, as the foe advances,
Now we turn us to the fray;

Heavenly radiance o'er us glances,
Earth and darkness pass away.
Yes! the oath we now have plighted
Joins us in a world of bliss—
There the free shall be united—
Brothers! fare ye well for this!
Hark! 'tis the thunder, where banners are streaming,
Where bullets are whistling, and sabres are gleaming!
Forward!—to meet in the mansions of bliss!

SONG OF THE SWORD,

WRITTEN A FEW HOURS BEFORE THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR IN BATTLE.

KÖRNER.

My sword, my only treasure,
What would thy glance of pleasure?
It makes thy master glow
To see thee gleaming so.

"A patriot warrior rears me,
"And this it is that cheers me;
"It makes me glad to be
"The falchion of the free."

Yes! none this hand shall fetter,
And none can prize thee better;
Affianced to my side
I love thee like my bride.

With thy blue steel united,
My constant faith is plighted.
" Oh! would the knot were tied!
" When will you wed your bride?"

With death-smoke round him spreading,
The bridegroom seeks the wedding.
When swells the cannon's roar
Then ope thy chamber door.

" Oh! how the thought inspires
" The longing bride's desires!
" Come then, my husband, now
" The garlands wait thy brow."

Why, in thy scabbard dancing,
So restless, wild, and glancing?
Why, ere the trumpets blow,
My sword, why dost thou so?

"I cannot choose but rattle
"With longing for the battle:
"'Tis this that makes me glow,
"And dance, and glitter so."

Be still awhile, my beauty!
In patience do your duty.
E'en now I make thy dower—
Wait but the wedding hour.

"In vain delay opposes;
"I long to pluck the roses
"All redly as they bloom—
"The flow'rets of the tomb!"

Then out! in splendour gleaming,
Thy glorious task beseeming—
Then out! in all thy pride—
Come forth, my love, my bride!

" How gay the glad carousal
" That honours such espousal!
" How bright the sunbeams play
" Upon my steel to-day!"

Then on to deeds of daring,
Of valour's lofty bearing—
On every German heart
Ne'er from such brides to part.

Once on the left they tarried,
But that was ere they married;
But now, in Heaven's fair sight,
We boast them on our right.

Then, with a soldier's kisses,
Partake your bridal blisses.
Ill may the wretch betide
Whoe'er deserts his bride!

What joy when sparks are flashing,
From hostile helmets crashing!
In steely light to shine,
Such joy, my bride, is thine!
Hurrah!

ORIGINAL POEMS.

WATERLOO.

HURRYING winds, and tempest rain,
Swept the forest and the plain:
By Gomont's loopholed wall and wood,
Cold on his post the sentry stood,
And listen'd to the thunder's sound
Roll o'er the destined battle ground.
Beneath dark Soignies' dripping shade,
And the chill covert of the glade,
Many a weary warrior lay,
And sigh'd for battle, and the day.

So roar'd the whirlwind, and the blast,
And the lightning flash'd as fast
O'er Tiber's startled tide;
And such the sky's portentous gloom
Which brooded o'er the towers of Rome
Ere her first Cæsar died.
Well the midnight thunder cloud
Might wrap that morn in murky shroud,
Whose meridian orb of light
Sunk with Cæsar into night.
Well the cheerless sun might rise
Misty from his eastern skies—
Reeking from a doubtful fray,
Hostile myriads hail'd his ray;
That red carnage to renew,
France's hovering eagles flew;
And, emblem of her island, there
Stood the might of England's square.

Forth at the warning trumpet's breath,
The opening cannon's sound of death,
The eager legions broke:
Genius of slaughter, toil, and fight,
Thy glance was in that signal light;
And, from the cloud that dimm'd their sight,
Thine was the voice that spoke.
No prouder glance 'twas thine to cast
From towering Œta's summit blue,
When Persia's frowning satraps past
To whelm the Spartan's chosen few.
No loftier voice was thine when far,
From realms beneath the northern star,
Fierce Genghis pour'd the storm of war
O'er India's frighten'd reign.
Nor darker waved thy helmet plume
O'er the devoted ranks of Rome,
When Varro led them to their doom,
To Cannæ's fated plain.

Yes! led by him, on evil day,
That youth was left the vulture's prey;
In Punic halls, in trophied pride,
The mighty buckler's orb beside,
The Roman cuirass hung.
And on Numidia's bounding steed,
His roving master's warlike meed,
Italian trappings rung.
Enough! yon leader's hour was past,
To pause on fortune's desperate cast;
He might not, in his course of crime,
Bend o'er the blotted page of time—
He could not check a Varro's pride,
Or nobly die, as Paulus died.

Round Gomont's fortress, to the right,
The marshall'd columns led the fight;
How fierce they led, the shatter'd wall,
The splinter'd beech, and dinted ball,

May well attest: the flowers around
Spring richly from the heaving mound.
Fast through the volumed war-cloud's smoke
The musquet flash of England broke,
And Brunswick's sable yager knew
The night's long dream of vengeance true.
Full on the throng'd assailants fell
The hissing shot and arching shell;
Yet still their battle shout and cry,
Arising louder to the sky,
To wilder discord grew;
Their raven crests yet stream'd behind,
And waving wider to the wind,
Their eagle banners flew.
On! ye mailed sons of France!
On! each Lithuanian lance!
Where your foremost chargers tread
Ye shall find a gory bed,
And the guerdon of the brave,
Sons of valour, is the grave!

On his own hoof-imprinted track
The snorting steed is rushing back:
The guiding hand that sway'd his rein
Shall never check his pride again.
Low lies the stately warrior's form
That faced the grapeshot's iron storm—
That urged him, maddening, on his way,
Right on the bristling square's array.
Too late those scattering myriads fly,
Like clouds on Autumn's hurrying sky;
For many a trumpet blast has blown,
And it was Britain's charging tone;
And down the hill, with whirlwind force,
The trooper spurs his raven horse.
The mailed cuirassier in vain
Rush'd desperate to the charge again;
And vainly, with protended spear,
The ruthless Pole his full career
In boundless fury run;

For Britain's onset onward roll'd,
And with the sword she knew to hold
What her good sword had won.
Beneath that sword the bravest bled,
Before that charge the fiercest fled,
The proudest bow'd their pride;
The foremost in the closing fray,
They gain'd their glory of the day,
They were the first that died.
Fierce was the strife, but wild the flight
Of warring Gallia's veteran might;
And down the vale for many a rood,
Mad on their rear, the foe pursued;
And slow he sheath'd the reeking blade,
And sullenly the call obey'd,
Borne on the trumpet's breath,
Which scarcely check'd his breathing ire,
And warn'd the warrior to retire
Back from the field of death.

Such through the livelong day the fight,
The charge, the rescue, and the flight;
And not a pause was given to fear,
As trembling Brussels shook to hear
The cannon's boding roar;
Yet still the serried legions stood,
And the full fury of the flood
Upon the phalanx bore.
And still the Timur of his hour,
The despot lord of Gallia's power,
With glowing eye, and threatening hand,
Renew'd in vain the stern command.
The mid-day sunbeam sunk, and still
The conflict swept the blasted hill;
And down its steep, with wilder speed,
With gory spur, and reeking steed,
Succeeding squadrons past;
Yet still the red cross waved afar,
O'er the close ranks of England's war,
Nor bent before the blast.

And well their leader earn'd the fame
Of Waterloo's recorded name;
For where the grapeshot tore the green
That leader's plumeless crest was seen;
And fast around him sunk and died
The brothers of his fields of pride;
For in the battle's front he rode,
In danger's reddest path he trod,
And where the onset fiercest grew,
Wild raging round the square,
Where Britain's planted banner flew,
His was the station there.
Yet still through battle's smoke and flame,
Though down the thundering horseman came—
Though pealing yet the wild hurra
Mark'd the grey charger's ruthless way;
Still to the right new columns speed,
Fresh to the work of death succeed,
And calmly still their order change
Beneath the circling mortar's range.

Now, Frenchmen, by each field of fame,
By every soul-inspiring name,
By Wagram's ridge, and Jena's rout,
By Borodino's closing shout,
By Lodi's leading cry,
By every field ye fought of yore,
One mighty blow for empire more,
For fame and victory!
File upon file the veterans past,
Of all the bravest and the last,
Stern conquest's sons in many a fray
Deciders of the closing day;
Thrice to the concave vault of heaven
Their thrilling shout of war was given,
Their despot master's name.
It ceased, and, save their marshall'd tread,
Theirs was the silence of the dead,
As on their march they came.
The eagle flag which o'er them stream'd,
With blazon'd names of glory gleam'd,

And every name that banner bore
Recall'd the deadly oath they swore,
Around its planted staff to die,
Or furl its folds in victory.
Grim was each aged warrior's smile
While closing in the shatter'd file;
And fast before their patient course
The lighter sons of England's force
Back on her squares retired;
With hastier aim the volley run,
And still black Brunswick's yager son
Retreated as he fired.
I saw the chase go gaily out,
With neighing steed, and hunter's shout,
But in the jungle's central deep
The lion held his sullen sleep;
When he heard that shouting train,
First he shook his shaggy mane;
But when his lair began to ring,
He was couching for his spring.

Rising in collected wrath,
Fierce he braved them on their path.
Vainly gleam'd the bickering shot,
He, the monarch, fear'd it not.
Deep the music of his roar
When the fatal chase was o'er;
For steed and rider, lying dead,
For his regal feast were spread.

The British leader rein'd his steed
To view the hostile mass recede;
Where wavering crests were seen to shine,
Far o'er the fluctuating line,
Where fell the hopes of France;
Where backward reel'd the cuirassier,
Where droop'd the Hulan's shiver'd spear,
He turn'd his ardent glance.
And darker roll'd the volumed smoke,
Which Prussia's growing onset spoke—
He gave the instant sign;

Each horseman's charging bugle blew,
And the glad sound of onset flew
Along the British line.

Even in our country's hour of rest,
When her red fights are o'er,
The pomp that decks the warrior's crest
May wake young ardour in the breast,
Which knew no fire before;
And when the trumpet blast is blown,
Or sounds the bugle's breath,
A stranger fire we well may own,
And listen to the gallant tone,
Although its call be death.
But who can boast the imagined power
In lurid conflict's fiercest hour,
Secure to walk the plain?
To mark the rushing squadron's speed,
Each glowing scene and valiant deed,
The victors and the slain?

Through war's dim cloud he might descry
From far the rapture-beaming eye,
When bounding into life and speed
The shouting horseman spurs his steed;
When far along the eager line
The levell'd bayonets flash and shine;
When e'en the dying feel and share
The frenzy that is glowing there,
And join to raise the wild hurrah
That cheers the warrior's closing day.
And as the sun his course forbore
On Judah's battle plain of yore,
Far in the western sky,
And stay'd his heaven-directed light
High o'er the warring heathen's flight,
And Israel's victory,
He seem'd to linger in his path,
The signal of Almighty wrath;
The rushing banners caught his rays,
And floated in the crimson blaze—

The waving plumes of Albyn grew
Contrasted to a sabler hue:
Such was the crest black Edward bore
On Poictiers' plain, and Cressy's shore,
And such the plaid's romantic fold
Which mantled o'er their sires of old.
Led by the levell'd bayonets' flash,
To trumpet sound, and cymbal clash,
Britannia's march began,
And brighter grew each warrior's eye
As swept the wheeling squadron by,
Or rush'd the dark artillery
In thunder to the van.
'Twas then that Brunswick's dark hussar
Wheel'd his last squadrons to the war:
Dire was the shout those squadrons gave
When valour wept o'er Brunswick's grave,
On Jena's fated plain.
Of Este's golden line the star
Grew pale again on Chateau Bras,

Nor sunk that orb in vain;
For fierce their dusky eagles flew,
And well they gain'd the warrior's due,
On the red field of Waterloo,
Their vengeance for the slain.
Where the broad tide of onset came,
Vain was the rifle's deadly aim,
Vain was the cannon's breath of flame,
Vain was the bayonet's glance,—
Before the guardsman's raven steed,
And the grey charger's ruthless speed
Roll'd back the ranks of France.

And he, that monarch of mankind,
That sport of every tempest wind,
When the tornado and the blast
O'er his whelm'd hopes of empire past,
And when the lightning's flashing stroke
Upon his eagle banner broke,
Say, did he fly the strife?

Or rush'd he on his charging foes,
Fix'd with a monarch's death to close
The warrior's varied life?
Where all his veteran ranks lay dead,
He slept not in his gory bed;
Where stood the death-devoted square,
He fought not, and he fell not there.

Proud bird of Jove! thy flight is o'er,
Thy fierce dominion is no more;
The lightning which thy talons bore
Has sear'd its master's plume—
The thunder it was thine to sway,
In conquest's summer-blaze of day,
Is pealing o'er thy doom!

THE CHARGE.

For one moment of light at the close of the day,
The mist and the war-cloud roll'd dimly away,
And red from the west were the splendors that shone
On the ridges of carnage, the heights of St. John.

For one moment of rest from the labours of death,
The cannon was silent, the charger took breath;
But the sword of the rider was flashing in light,
As the last of his squadrons were wheel'd to the fight.

For the sound of the trumpet and cymbal arose,
With the roll of the drum, from the ranks of his foes;
And loud was the uproar which hail'd the advance
Of the banners of conquest, the eagles of France.

Their Emperor view'd them, and stern was his smile,
As the grape-shot was sweeping through column and file;
For he deem'd that the bright sun of Austerlitz' plain
Was conducting those eagles to glory again.

But vain was the thought, for that banner which stood
Through the charge and the rescue, the tempest and flood,
The red cross of England, was bright in the sun,
Her muskets were levell'd, her march was begun.

Like the spring of the lion who darts from his lair,
Through the jungles of death, when the hunter is there,

Over rider and steed when he speeds in his wrath,
They sprung from the earth, and they rush'd on their path.

Then France and her legions were dash'd to the ground,
And the boast of her armies lay scatter'd around;
The helmeted trooper retreated in fear,
And cold grew the heart of the mail'd cuirassier.

The night closed around, but for many a mile
The Brunswicker dash'd through the gory defile;
And the village and causeway re-echo'd afar
To the war-cry of vengeance, the Prussian's hurrah!

And sad was the remnant who 'scaped on that night
To tell of that conflict, to speak of that flight;
And freshly and rankly the wild-flowers wave
On the mounds of destruction, the home of the brave.

No kind hand composed the pale comrade, or bore,
To the grave of the soldier, the sword which he wore.
But sadly he sleeps, with the dust on his head,
Unshrouded, unwept, on the spot where he bled!

THE COLISEUM.

To roam the crumbling arch, the mouldering wall,
Amid the wrecks of power to trace its fall;
In desolation's amplest page to scan
Her sad, stern lesson to aspiring man,
Such, where yon mighty pile invites the view,
Such is the task our rising thoughts pursue.

Though warring winds, and man more fierce than they,
Have mark'd its grass-grown arches for their prey,
Yet still the Genius of the place defies
The plunderer's hand, the fury of the skies.

Huge as the quarried rocks on Memphian sands,
Like Rome's own empire's order'd reign it stands.
Yes, mighty masters of the subject earth!
Yon pile bespeaks the hand that gave it birth—
Bespeaks the power which into ruin hurl'd
Each rival ruler of a prostrate world;
Smote their aspiring fanes, and taught your own
To rise unrivall'd, and to stand alone.—
For many a year the captive toil'd to raise
This proud memorial of a victor's praise;
And oft the son of Judah's princely line
Wept for his own Jehovah's fallen shrine,
Call'd on his God, and thought his thunders slow
To lay that fabric of the faithless low.

Wide sweep the shadowy arches which enclose
That ample reign of ruin and repose;
Yet those high seats were scanty to contain
The subject myriads of Vespasian's reign;

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And there, impatient of the lingering night,
The fierce plebeian watch'd for morning's light;
Skill'd with inverted hand to give the sign,
There sat the sons of Rome's equestrian line;
There, on the margin of the scene of death,
The stern patrician watch'd the expiring breath;
There, to an eye more fierce, a throne more proud,
The eagle stoop'd, the lictor fasces bow'd,
And, as the vanquish'd sunk, from yonder throne
The world's great master caught the latest groan.

For such the scenes the faithful muse has told,
That polish'd myriads crowded to behold;
And shuddering fancy's eye may trace the stain
Where raged the combat, and where sunk the slain.
Round the throng'd seats applauding murmurs ran,
In savage triumph o'er th' expiring man.
Versed in each scene of bloodshed and of fight,
The rude barbarian trembled at the sight,

Fled to Hercynian shades, to Ister's shore,
And sought refinement's gory haunts no more.

Moved by no human hope, no human fear,
Calmer in death, the martyr perish'd here;
Meekly he fell, and still these walls record
The guiltless victims of the heathen's sword:
And still the mouldering pile, in later times,
Survives his empire, while it speaks his crimes.

THE IPHIGENIA OF TIMANTHES.

In vain long ages marr'd the proud design,
And breathed corruption o'er each faithless line,
In vain;—the Roman's classic page decreed
To art's frail structure fame's enduring meed;
And bad Timanthes' deathless name deride
The tints that faded, and the forms that died.
E'en now the canvas glows, the scene appears,
And fancy triumphs o'er consuming years.
The Grecian sails no favouring zephyrs fill—
The shore is silent, and the waves are still;
Amid the Argive tents, on Aulis' sands,
Raised for no bloodless rites, the altar stands;

The sacred flame aspires, the knife is bare,
The priest, the father, and his child, are there.
Of Argive line, in beauty's ripen'd charms,
She comes not destined for a hero's arms;
For not in bridal pomp the fillet steals
O'er the pale cheek its wandering band conceals—
One moment now shall drench her locks in gore,
And seal those glazing orbs to wake no more.

In that dread instant, ere her form is thrown,
In shuddering weakness, on the altar stone,
Each chief has learnt from beauty's pleading eye,
Weak as herself, to tremble and to sigh;
For oft to them, her father's guests among,
She crown'd the goblet, and she waked the song,
And moved with airy grace, in happier hours,
'Mid the bright conclave of Mycenè's towers.
While Calchas lifts in air the unwilling blow,
Down his rough cheeks unwonted currents flow;

Yet, mightier still, progressive art has spread
Majestic sadness o'er Ulysses' head,
Has dimm'd reflection's piercing glances there,
And smooth'd the lines of wisdom and of care.

O'er the wan brow of Sparta's kindred chief
The master's hand has pour'd the hues of grief;
Each shade is there that gloomiest sorrow knows,
In deep gradation darkening to its close:
A sterner pang what human breast may feel,
Or painting's more than mimic art reveal?
That pang is his, to whom, in languid gaze,
One lingering look the victim strives to raise—
To him, the first born of his race, she sprung,
The name of father trembling on her tongue.
What slumbering energy of nature's strife
Has daring genius summon'd into life?
What glance that kindles, or what tears that roll,
May speak the frenzy of a parent's soul?

Vain were the task: on passion's farthest shore
The victor artist stood, and dared no more;
Dark o'er paternal grief the veil he drew,
And hid his holy sorrows from the view.

DIANA OF EPHESUS.

"And when they heard these sayings, they were full of wrath, and cried out, saying, Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

'Twas night; but far to Samos' distant shore
One rippling blaze the Ionian billow bore;
O'er the red splendors of her burning fane
Pale roll'd the symbol of Diana's reign.
Ah! where were then the terrors of the bow
That laid Latona's haughty rival low?
For not on Lycia's hills the huntress stray'd
To rouse the brindled tyrant of the glade;

In Latmian groves, and Caria's echoing shore,
The shout was silent, and the chase was o'er.
In Pella's regal towers Lucina shed
Her aiding influence o'er Olympia's head.
Her buskins loosen'd, and her bow unstrung,
O'er the young conqueror of the world she hung,
And watch'd his cradled rest, while frenzy woke,
And wra t the fane she loved in volumed smoke.

Regenerate soon, and brighter than of old,
The cedar portals rose in blazon'd gold,
Again the quarried structure rear'd its head,
Firm as the rock in ocean's oozy bed,
To dare the whirlwind's unavailing sweep,
And brave the trident of the heaving deep.
A hundred kings the sculptur'd shafts bestow'd
That bore the mighty roof's incumbent load.
Daughter of Jove! that column'd range along
Swells to thy praise no more the choral song,

The Christian bade its stately height sustain
The gilded splendors of Byzantium's fane,
And, witness still of changing empires, there
It rears e'en now Mohammed's house of prayer.
Was it for this, while rolling ages flew,
Still in increasing pride the fabric grew,
Till all the goddess bless'd the finish'd plan
That fix'd in wonder's trance the gaze of man!

Within, by many a matchless pencil traced,
Heroes and Gods the pictured mansion graced;
From lengthening aisles that blazed in golden light,
On these the suppliant turn'd his aching sight,
Or mused in rapture on the sculptured shrine,
Nor mark'd the treasures of the plunder'd mine.

Full in the midst, in Egypt's garb array'd,
Of tapering form the goddess stood display'd,

High o'er the terrors of her virgin frown
Rose the rich circlet of the mural crown.
That guardian form in safe repose around
Confided treasures press'd the hallow'd ground,
And Persia's baffled tyrant fled the ire
Of powers more mighty than his worshipp'd fire.
For not on Delphi's throne the god of day,
Nor Jove the Olympian reign'd in wider sway.
E'en when before religion's purer grace
That reeling statue trembled to its base,
The frenzied heathen clung to falsehood's lore,
And drove the priest and prophet from the shore;
Still, as the Christian preacher urged his flight,
Rose the glad shout—great is Diana's might!
And still from maddening thousands, wild and high,
Great is Diana! burst the bigot cry.

THE MAGICIAN.

I LOVE the tale that ancient Lucian wrote,
That tale par excellence yclep'd the true,
Which speaks of men suspended by the throat,
For decking narratives with fictious hue;
And boasts how conscience kept his mind afloat,
Since no such punishment to him was due:
Warn'd by the touching scenes of Lucian's hell,
Of facts I sing that really once befel.

To me they happen'd all when I was young,
But time, since then, has travell'd many posts—
When, like Othello, my fond spirit clung
To what it most suspected—tales of ghosts,
Circles, and charms, and mandrake shrieks, that rung
On midnight's startled ear; I loved them most;
Perhaps, because I doubted much their truth:—
I soon reform'd that error of my youth.

At Paris once, with much champagne and claret,
And noisy friends, I chased the night away.
(Alas! I wish my crazy head could bear it,
As it was wont then in my younger day.)
Were I so scared, (the Scotch would write it scarit)
As I was then, these scatter'd locks of grey
Would quit these desolated temples quite,
And leave my seat of knowledge bald outright.

I will not stop to give a close narration
Of every turn the conversation took:
We were of many a clime, and many a nation,
Which you may find described in Guthrie's book;
And some had had a liberal education,
And some on letters ne'er had deign'd to look;
And so our talk was various, till it ended
On ghostly themes, and there it stood suspended.

I stood alone against the general roar
Of moral evidence, and logic keen;—
A Pole who heard one scratch his father's floor,
A Swede, who something very strange had seen;
To five or six a head the Germans swore,
And wonder'd what such want of faith could mean;
Ere long in person to recant my talking,
I might have had myself the means of walking.

But 'twas as well for me they chanced to know
A truth, which rather made them make their bow;
That I had learn'd to fence of Angelo,
Grandsire of those who teach in England now;
And thus with sneering smiles I mark'd them go,
And bore their taunts with most unruffled brow:
Deeming them sped, I totter'd to a chair,
But still one solitary guest was there.

Whether when nature form'd his lineaments,
The awe-struck goddess dropp'd the fragile die,
For all the wealth contain'd in Xerxes' tents,
I could not tell; you know as well as I:
But for that wealth, plus all the three per cents.,
I would not meet e'en now that serpent eye,
Or gaze upon that wond'rous set of features,
Which made him so unlike his fellow-creatures.

" Can he who scoffs," he said, " abide the test?"
And my pale cheek belied the word—" he can!"
" And will he dare to leave his wonted rest,
" For scenes appalling to the heart of man;
" To view the rites by good man deem'd unblest,
" Forbidden deeds, reversing nature's plan?"
The wine, and his oration, fired my brain;
I bad him prove his words, or change his strain.

" Then follow me!" was all the stranger said:
That was enough some spirits to appal—
But, as I told, the wine was in my head,
And I had seized two pistols from the wall;
For ghosts have often fear'd an ounce of lead;
And frequently, when friends are out of call,
Placed on a stage which spectres rave and rant on,
We feel the braver for a Joseph Manton.

We cross'd the bridge by Frenchmen call'd the New,
Because some centuries ago 'twas built;
The moon on Henry's brazen visage threw
So fair a beam it pass'd for silver gilt;
Chill through the arch below the night breeze blew,
As if to mourn that Henry's blood was spilt:
With hasty strides I follow'd at a venture,
Through noisome streets, into the Marais' centre.

Alley and street were silent as the grave—
Oh for a drunken row, a watchman's rattle!
Was then my thought, for I had then been brave,
And could have fought a duel or a battle;
Could march where sabres clash, or madmen rave,
And look on dying men like other cattle!
But still I follow'd, desperate, though dismay'd,
And ever unconvinced, but much afraid.

To walk a livelong hour with such a mate,
Is far from pleasant, so I stopp'd at last,
And told my gloomy guide the toil was great;
He answer'd, with a scowl, "the toil is past."
And thrice he knock'd upon the humble gate
Of a low mansion, and he mutter'd fast
Strange words, which I have since had cause to think
The devil's conversation o'er his drink.

Moved by these wond'rous words, or by a string,
I know not which, the gate expanded wide;
I tried to whistle, and I wish'd to sing;
But on the air the sounds abortive died,
And to my throat the accents seem'd to cling,
And shame forbid me, or I would have cried,
And screech'd aloud to heaven's blue expansion,
To break at least the silence of that mansion.

Through shatter'd panes the streaming moon display'd
An empty chamber's horrible hiatus;
It held no trash by art or nature made,
To form the juggler's travelling apparatus—
No mystic tools to make our call obey'd
By fiends that crouch before us while they hate us.
Upon a table stood a glass of water,
And a plain business-looking dirk for slaughter.

Full in the centre of that table's plane
The maker's cunning had a circle drawn,
Most like to that on which the thundering main
Rattles and falls, from dewy eve till dawn;
At which, intent on visionary gain,
The gamester sits all haggard and forlorn,
While, with his grasping rake, and reckless face,
The croupier murmurs out his deuce and ace.

Within that circle, by some foul device,
Some hellish sleight, a deep abyss there seem'd;
But round the base of the dim precipice
Strange mists were roll'd, and fitful flashes gleam'd,
As when along the Alps' eternal ice
The midnight lightning blazes: once I dream'd,
When I was sickening with a yellow fever,
In such a scene I met mankind's deceiver.

Anon the darkness past, a light was shed
O'er the deep gulf, like morn's returning ray;
By heaven! I knew the aged trees that spread
Their branches o'er a river's winding way;
It was no dream, by feverish fancy bred;
It was no trick to lead the mind astray:
I knew the lime-tree walk, the gilded spires,
And it was there—the mansion of my sires.

Was this conviction of the powers of hell?
Perhaps some others would have deem'd it so;
But I was set on purpose deep and fell,
The secrets of his hated art to know;
To drive the wizard to his foulest spell;
Then on a sudden plant my favourite blow,
And having floor'd him, in his den of night,
Play, what is called by schoolboys, hell's delight.

It was indeed the schoolboy's desperate thirst
For perilous mischief, frolic's impulse wild,
Which bad me still provoke him to his worst:
I loved destruction also from a child..
I know not why that wish occurr'd the first,
In scenes that might have made the fiercest mild;
The mad desire to smite him unawares,
And hurl his Panorama down the stairs.

He who has traversed Bedlam's dark domains,
Has mark'd at times the madman's causeless ire,
When some imagined insult on his pains
Wakes in his breast distraction's slumbering fire,
And to himself, perhaps, has blest the chains
That check'd revenge's impotent desire:
Thus from his calm contempt my fury rose,
Longing to flatten his sarcastic nose.

His silent gesture, and his look serene,
Disarm'd the settled purpose of my soul,
Deferr'd it rather, for I mark'd his mien,
The while his victim hasten'd to the goal,
Scowl with superior malice o'er the scene:
But the dim mists again began to roll,
And from that deep abyss, with distant note,
Strains of remember'd music seem'd to float.

It seem'd the jovial song of festal days,
The strain that hail'd some newly wedded pair;
The clouds dispersed, the lightnings ceased to blaze,
Again the scene appear'd; but forms were there
Which magic's deepest arts alone could raise,
Two radiant shapes, in youthful beauty fair.
By heavens! I saw them walking side by side;
They were my brother and a youthful bride!

Oh! had I been convinced, nor further dared
To pierce the secrets of the wizard's reign,
What years of penitence had then been spared!
What stings of conscience, and what nights of pain!
But from my eyes again the madness glared—
Conviction, prudence, terror, all were vain,
To stop the destined murderer on his path,
And save the victim of almighty wrath.

'Twas then, like Satan from Ithuriel's spear,
The wizard rose in frenzy like my own,
Muttering wild spells, and barbarous sounds of fear,
While to the air his serpent locks were thrown;
Or, like the war-horse check'd in his career,
Wounded and plunging when the charge is blown;
But when his frenzied rage began to pass,
He bad me plunge the poniard in the glass.

Rashly I seized it, and, with fatal aim,
Impell'd it home, though with unpractised hand;
A sudden chillness palsied all my frame,
A thrill of fever every nerve unmann'd,
And sudden trickling down my shoulder came
A stream like blood, while impotent to stand,
I reel'd and totter'd, mystified and sick—
The wizard help'd me with a lifting kick.

I know not what ensued; I woke in bed,
Fire in my face, and chillness in my feet,
And they who watch'd about my person said
The night police had found me in the street,
And, having kindly pick'd me up for dead,
Had almost borne me to the Morgue's retreat,
When some returning signs of animation
Caused them to change my place of destination.

What need I more? By an assassin's hand,
Upon his bridal morn my brother fell,
And I, the murderer, still, from land to land,
Am hurried on by restless misery's spell,
And, like the mansion built on faithless sand,
My race has perish'd; I am left to tell,
Alone and childless, my long tale of grief,
And mourn, Cassandra-like, each hearer's unbelief.

TO ENGLAND.

BENEATH our bowsprit wild and free
Upcurl'd the ocean foam;
I blest the breeze, I blest the sea,
That proudly bore me back to thee,
My own, my island home.

Still as with pilgrim footsteps faint
I sought each distant shrine,
For thee I pour'd my evening plaint,
And still to every worshipp'd saint
My earliest prayer was thine.

In vain the sun more genial glows
To crown the stranger's toil;
In vain his ruddier vintage flows,
There is a canker in the rose
That springs on foreign soil.

I love the look of long descent,
Which in thy homes I trace;
Like thine own forest oak unrent,
To which succeeding years have lent
Their venerable grace.

Around that oak the moss may stray,
The ivy coil its band;
I would not rend its twine away,
Nor spoil the monarch's old array,
With renovating hand.

And though his wintry leaves be shed
By many a whirlwind's rage,
Oh! may he lift his hoary head,
And long his shadowing arms outspread,
For many a future age.

If still beyond my country's shore
My fate it be to roam,
When all the wanderer's toils are o'er,
They shall but make him prize thee more,
My own, my island home!

A TALE OF OTHER TIMES.

THERE is an ancient castle that overlooks the Rhine,
And of its earliest master this song shall be of mine;
Dark flow the waves that part around a little isle below,
And a cloister there was founded a thousand years ago.

That solitary turret, with ivy all o'ergrown,
Has stood almost as long a space sequester'd and alone;
You may mark the scars of ruin from years that pass away,
But the rage of man has spared it, nor hasten'd its decay.

For it was not built for barons, their robber train to hold,
For refuge to the vanquish'd, or defiance to the bold;
Yet he that built that castle was named among the best,
That fix'd, in Judah's battles, the christian lance in rest.

His love for one fair object from infancy he drew,
And, strange to say, in manhood to early love was true;
I wish that I was like him, or had at least in part
As good a seat on horseback, and half as true a heart.

Alas! he loved that lady against her father's will;
Her brother liked him not, and her mother wish'd him ill;
And who shall blame the hero who quitted her and them,
To fight with English Richard by high Jerusalem?

And who shall blame the lover who scaled the rampart's brow,
To gain one kiss at parting, and to exchange a vow?
And all who read my story, if vows are made by you,
May you make them with as pure a heart, and keep to them as true!

He fought by Richard's side, and he was nearest to him then,
When he rode before his squadrons and defied the Saracen;
And the cross upon his shoulder was seen in every fray—
But it weigh'd like lead upon him, for his heart was far away.

Enduring then no longer to combat or to roam,
He turn'd his Arab courser towards his native home;

His toil was nearly over when December's wind and rain
Closed round him on the evening, ere his castle he could gain.

So he stopp'd before that island, for he saw the tapers shine
From the chapel of its cloister, reflected on the Rhine;
He traversed then the ferry, and reach'd the cloister gate,
And it open'd to admit him—but admitted him too late.

He saw her for an instant, the object whom he sought,
The form for which he languish'd, the eyes for which he fought;
He saw it for an instant, that faded cheek so pale—
That instant was the last ere 'twas shrouded by the veil.

They had weaved the tale of fiction, had told her he
was dead,
And others came to woo her, but them she would not
wed;
She fled from their reproaches, their anger, and their
strife,
And betook her to a convent in the early dawn of life.

Scarce knowing what he utter'd, he shriek'd her name
aloud,
Then folded round his mantle, and turn'd him from the
crowd;
He found his faithful steed, and awakening from his
dream,
He sprung into the saddle, and spurr'd him through
the stream.

From his breast he took a bracelet of emeralds so clear,
The Moslem once who wore it to Saladin was dear:

When love was nurs'd by hope it had been destined
for his bride,
But he crush'd it in his iron grasp, and plunged it in
the tide.

From his head he took the helmet, and from his steed
the rein,
And sent him forth to wander in freedom o'er the plain:
He built that lonely tower, and ever through the night
He watch'd her chamber's casement, to mark her taper's
light.

He watch'd it many a year until her weary race was o'er,
Till her casement it was dim, and the taper burnt no
more;
When they found him in the morning, his latest breath
was spent,
But still towards the cloister his glazing eyes were bent.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

'Twas done!—the veteran's mortal race was o'er!—
I stood to watch the burial of the brave,
And trace the dark procession as it bore
A friend and comrade to his humble grave!

Upon the coffin's sable lid they placed
His gleaming helmet, and his battle-blade,
And slow behind his raven charger paced,
Reft of the hand whose rule he once obey'd.

His mien was like an orphan child's, whose mind
Is yet too young a parent's loss to know,
Yet, conscious of a change, appears to find
A strange importance in his weeds of woe.

No voice of sorrow swell'd upon the air,
No orphan's shriek, to agonize the soul;
But o'er each warrior's iron visage there,
Tearless and stern, majestic sadness stole.

I did not weep; but when his comrades spoke,
And told how soon the stately warrior fell,
How short his sufferings, and how quick the stroke
That laid him low, I felt my bosom swell.

For death is welcome oft, when slow decay
At length has triumph'd o'er each lenient art;
But all whom fate less kindly sweeps away,
Inflict a sterner lesson on the heart.

And fairer forms may sink into the tomb,
As if they merely sought a happier clime;
And beauty's fragile grace, and hectic bloom,
Seem flowers predestined for the scythe of Time.

But yesterday in manly strength he stood,
Powerful as those who now support his bier,
As if some sterner chance of field or flood,
Death-shot or steel were all he had to fear.

And could that ancient charger speak to tell
The toils and triumphs of the fields he shared,
He might relate that there, where myriads fell,
And Death was most unsparing, he was spared—

Spared from the conflict where his towering crest
Had floated o'er the closing squadron's throng,
Within his native land to sink to rest,
And be the subject of an idle song.

THE CLOISTER.

AMID her grass-grown walks and wasted bowers,
Still in her pride, impair'd the cloister towers.
Cold shines the autumn moon, and silvers o'er
The waves that ripple to its garden shore.
The trees once wont to blossom and to bear,
Rise in dark state and barren outline there;
And clasping ivy mocks the cunning hand,
That carved the mullion's boss, the tracery's band.
Beneath its funeral mantle still remain
The shatter'd remnants of the pictured pane.

Still through successive years that pane has thrown
Its mellowing lustre on the graven stone;
And shines e'en now to tell the ceaseless tale,
That beauty fades, and human dust is frail:
And years shall pass, and still those hues defy
The rattling tempest, and the inclement sky.
Where shall he rest, dark tower, who views thee now,
The bright moon streaming on thy hoary brow?—
Say in what grave shall fate and chance have led
The wandering bard to rest his weary head?
Enough; his steps will then have pass'd the shore,
Which all your cloister'd daughters trod before:
For many a cheek of those that sleep below
Was beaming once with health and beauty's glow:
Here, as the pealing anthem swell'd on high,
Devotion beam'd from many an angel eye;
Here, where the grass in pendent mockery grows,
And thistles wave, confession's shrine arose.

There are that would have ventured much to share
A softer vow, from lips that falter'd there;
But all is silent now, and mute is beauty's prayer.
Through yonder ruin'd portal, one by one,
They vanish'd when the vesper hymn was done:
Methinks I see them as they wind along,
And catch the echoes of their dying song.
Sure to the regions of eternal day,
That voice to prayer attuned might find its way;
That voice adorn'd not earth's deluding themes,
Fame's specious tales, or Passion's sensual dreams.
No infant slumber'd on a mother's breast,
Lured by that music to its smiling rest;
But saints received it, as it bore above
The strain that breathed not earth's polluted love.
Peace to their dust! for many a blast severe
Chill'd the young blossom of their opening year.
For them the bridal wreath was bid to bloom,
Sad presage of the virgin victim's doom,

Too soon to fade, too soon it pass'd away,
The last, sad hour of beauty's fleeting sway.
As closed the fatal grate, they left behind
The robe, the garland, and the locks it twined;
A few short years, and slow decay begun
The task that hated rite had left undone;
That rite had left the bud its vernal hue,
But blighting sadness chill'd it ere it blew.
Awhile devotion cheer'd the fainting soul,
And check'd existence hastening to its goal.
Awhile distracted, memory scarce could tell
On which peculiar grief it will'd to dwell;
And happiest she on whom her fate bestow'd
The form that sunk beneath her misery's load.
She was not dead, for whose regenerate birth
Heaven's hymn was raised by those estranged from earth.
She had not perish'd, whose pure soul had fled
From the sad vaults that hold the living dead,

To seek a happier clime, and join again
Love's loosen'd ties, and nature's broken chain.

Farewell, dark tower! I cannot deem it vain,
The hour I pass'd within thy still domain.
I love to hear the owl's wild voice prolong,
'Mid thy still arches, retribution's song;
And deem it wise to listen to the blast
Tell through thy aisles the lessons of the past.

A VOICE FROM THE HIGHLANDS.

THE peak of yon mountain is shining in light,
Like the beacon which summon'd our fathers to fight:
Each chief from the Highlands has follow'd the blaze,
At the call of his monarch his standard to raise.

The sleep of the heathcock is peaceful and still,
For the pibroch has summon'd the sons of the hill;
We have left the red deer to be lord of the glen,
And by tens and by fifties have muster'd our men.

Yet the dirk and the broadsword may serve but to show
That to welcome a foeman we had not been slow:
We haste where yon vessel approaches the land;
But it is not for battle we press to the strand.

Our chieftains they crowd round the greatest of all,
The first in the field, and the first in the hall;
To so mighty a master 'tis given to few,
So fair and so willing a homage to do.

No master but he for his frown or his smiles
Could call from his mountain the Lord of the Isles;
To him and no other in duty would bow
The plume of the eagle on Sutherland's brow.

For him and no other Glengarry would stay
So far from the stag and the rifle away;
There are few to whom Campbell or Gordon would yield
Unbidden precedence in hall or in field.

When he musters his kinsmen, the best shall not fail
His standard to bow, and his bonnet to vail:
From a line of such chiefs his dominion began,
His vassals a host, and a people his clan.

Then sound me that pibroch, the shrillest and best,
Which woke in Arroyos the French from their rest;
Then loud be your shout, as at Maida it rose,
O'er the clash of your claymores your bayonets close.

Though calm of demeanor, our bosoms can glow
At the smile of a friend, or the scowl of a foe;
When his vessel approaches, yon mountain shall ring
With the shout which we raise for our chieftain and king!

THE WHITE LADY.

Our troops went forth on Sarfeldt's morn,
Beneath their monarch's eye,
And merrily peal'd the yäeger's horn
As the guard was marching by.

And first and last the howitzers past,
And the battery's iron train,
And all to throw the desperate cast
Upon Jena's fated plain.

The march they play'd was sweet to hear,
The sight was fair to see;
It smooth'd our Frederic's brow austere,
And Blucher smiled with glee.

That sight was fair to all but those
Who own'd prophetic fears;
And sweet that martial strain arose
To all but gifted ears.

And was there none in dream or trance
Could follow the column's way,
And with the vulture's prescient glance
The death-doom'd troops survey?

Yes, close at hand she had taken her stand,
I saw and I mark'd her well;
'Twas she who wanders through the land,
Whose name I fear to tell.

They saw not her form, nor her visage of grief—
It was not that their sight was dim;
But fix'd on his troops were the eyes of their chief,
And their glances were fix'd on him.

But I knew her at once by the long lank hair,
And the garments as white as snow;
And she linger'd there in her still despair,
And scowl'd on the troops below.

I knew her at once for the lady who wends,
Impell'd by the curse divine,
And who wanders abroad when woe impends
Upon Prussia's regal line.

I have kept the night-watch, where she chiefly is said
To roam by the ruinous stair;
I should not have trembled, I should not have fled,
For I could have faced her there.

For I fear'd not the sight of the lady in white
By the moonlight's spectral ray,
In the hall of our kings, at the hour of night;
But I shrunk from the vision by day.

Yet I thought what the fortunes of Prussia decreed
By questioning her to know,
So right to that lady I spurr'd my steed,
Till no nearer he would go.

For he rear'd at the sight of the lady in white,
And he stopp'd in his full career.
She spoke, and her words, when I heard them aright,
They curdled my blood for fear.

" Now trouble me not—I list to the shot—
" On Sarfeldt I see the dead;
" Disturb me no more—I weep for your lot!"
Was all that the lady said.

She strided away, and I could not tell where,
For a shuddering seized my frame;
And whither she vanish'd I cannot declare,
And as little know whence she came.

But at Sarfeldt's fight, since the morning light,
The Frenchmen had fired well,
And the lady had spoken the moment aright
When Louis of Prussia fell.

THE ROEBUCK IS DEAD.

'Twas the flash of the rifle, the bullet is sped,
And the pride of the forest, the roebuck, is dead:
How he crash'd through the thicket, how fleetly he pass'd!
That rustle betray'd him, that bound was his last.

His fawns rose about him, and graceful they play'd
Round the steps of their father in dingle and glade;
As duly at morning and evening he led,
To the tenderest herbage, and mossiest bed.

Alas! for his memory, the time will be short
Ere they hasten as usual to food or to sport;
Short time from their games shall the victims refrain,
And the fate of their father shall warn them in vain.

And she whom he courted in thicket and dell,
Whom he woo'd in the forest, and track'd through the fell,
The beloved of his bosom, his favourite doe,
Will she mourn for the fate that has laid him so low?

Perhaps she may weep, should she find in the grove,
All cold and deserted, the lair of her love;
But my buskin at morning was wet through and through—
Now show me at midday one trace of the dew.

Perhaps a new lover now roams at her side,
With antlers as branching, as lovely a hide.
" Oh, hush! for the ladies would faint, should they hear
" That such frailty should lurk in the heart of a deer."

I will not be silent; the roebuck is dead,
And his fawns have departed, his widow has fled;
There is none but the hunter to follow his hearse,
And no poet but me for his elegy's verse.

Ah yes, for another had fashion'd the lay,
Which was raised by the peasants who bore him away;
From a hundred sad voices, as homeward we sped,
The chorus re-echoed—the roebuck is dead!

THE END.

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